THE WOMEN'S

MISSIONARY MAGAZINE

—OF—

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A NEW YEAR'S WISH.

May its light
Be the sunlight of God's love.
Its night,
His sheltering wings above.
Its storms,
Reveal the wonders of his grace.
Its calms,
Reflect the beauty of his face.
Its winds,
Breathe whispers of his care.
Its showers,
Bring blessings rich and rare.
May its cares
Bind closer to his heart.
Its joys,
Be of heavenly joys a part.
May its hours
Be full of better things to come.
Its last day
Find us one year "nearer home."

—*Selected.*

FRANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL.

FRANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL'S name has become to thousands of Christians, in all parts of the world, a household word.

Born December 14, 1836, she was the youngest daughter of Rev. W. H. Havergal, then Rector of Astley, Worcestershire, afterwards of St. Nicholas, Worcester.

She was a singularly bright, clever child, early giving promise of the gifts so fully developed in later years. She seems to have had deep religious impressions during childhood, both at home and at school, but could not fix any actual time as the date of conversion. From 1851, she knew what it was consciously to trust in Jesus, and to find the sweetness of the Word of God.

All her life henceforth was filled with blessed work for the Master. More than once she was laid aside for a time through severe illness, and "under His shadow" learning more and more of the love of Him who laid her low; and made to feel the pressure of His hand, she was further trained in that wonderful sympathy with, and tenderness for, others which was such a marked feature in her character. Truly she comforted others with the comfort wherewith she herself was comforted of God.

Miss Havergal made several tours in Switzerland, entering with intense enjoyment into the beauties of nature, recognizing the touch of the Father's hand in all, and finding in them spiritual help and teaching. Abroad, as well as at home, she was constantly doing the "King's business," and was privileged to lead many—tourists, peasants, invalids—to rejoice in her Saviour.

In 1873, a little book, entitled "All for Jesus," by Rev. J. T. Wrenford, Newport, Mon., came under Miss Havergal's notice, telling of a fullness of blessing beyond anything she had yet attained.

In 1878 Miss Havergal went to live with her sister near Swansea. Here for a few months she was fully occupied in writing, helping others, and working in the neighborhood of her new home. On May 21st, 1879, she took cold from being out in the damp, on one of the Master's errands; a feverish attack ensued, then inflammation and peritonitis.

Through intense suffering and constant sickness her patient endurance and gladness in God's will witnessed to His power. Through the last hours again and again were heard the words, "Splendid, to be so near the gates of heaven!" and "So beautiful to go!" At dawn on June 3, the change came, and with the King's name on her lips—trying to sing, but just uttering "He"—she passed into His presence to behold Him in His beauty.

IS OUR MISSIONARY SOCIETY ACCOMPLISHING THE OBJECT INTENDED IN ITS ORGANIZATION?

(Read at the meeting of Allegheny Presbyterial Association by Mrs. B. T. Leitch. Published by request.)

IN Article 2nd of the Constitution of the Women's General Missionary Society, its object is thus stated, "To carry on the general operations of the Women's mission work, call the women of the church together for the purpose of consultation and to take such measures as in their opinion shall conduce to the promotion of the cause of missions in our own and heathen lands."

We think a retrospective study of the work of our Presbyterial Woman's Missionary Society during its brief life will furnish an answer to this question which should make every sister's heart to sing for joy; not because all has been done that ought to be done, not even all that might have been done; but because so much, with the help of our God, has been accomplished. The traveler climbing up the mountain side bravely, though oftimes wearily, toils on, so busily thinking of the height yet to be reached, that it is not until he pauses and looks back over the way by which he has come that he really knows what progress he has made; how far above the level from which he started he has reached.

We, as that traveler, tonight pause and look back over the way by which we have come—rather over the path in which with wise and loving hand we have been led.

Let us begin with the year 1872 in which the General Assembly of our church took formal action in the way of asking the women "to exert themselves and take a deeper interest in the work of missions." At this time there were a few isolated women's societies and doubtless some good work was done, but there was no organized united effort. Yet God had a work for the women to do, and His spirit began to move in their hearts, awakening them to the fact that woman has a part in this great work for which she is personally responsible and that should no longer be done by proxy through husband, father or brother.

Through the effort of friends of the movement, a committee of interested women were invited to meet, consult and pray together, so that the best way of furthering this great object might be reached. This first meeting was held in Canonsburg, Pennsylvania. Another meeting was held later in Washington, when a constitution was approved and at the expense of the committee printed.

In the year 1875, at the request of our aged sister, Mrs. Hanna, who took the lead, but voiced the feelings of the other sisters whose sympathies were enlisted in this matter, a sort of general committee was appointed by the Assembly, the constitution agreed upon by the ladies was approved, and this committee was instructed to organize auxiliary societies as far as practicable in all the congregations of the church.

Mrs. Hanna was president, the other sisters occupying the usual places of vice-president, secretary and treasurer. This was the anomaly presented of a head without a body. It was felt to be an awkward position by those occupying it, but one in which they had not placed themselves. We were all but "children crying for the light" and He who "hears the young ravens when they cry" bent His listening ear to *our* cry for guidance.

At the call of the president a meeting was held in Allegheny in November, 1875. I do not know what thoughts filled the minds of the other members of the committee on their way to this meeting. I trust that they were more faith-filled than those of the one with which I am most intimately acquainted, in whose mind the question constantly arose, "What can we five women do?" It seemed so great a work and we so weak and unwise. Never before however had the promise "If any of you lack wisdom, let him ask of God who giveth to all men liberally and upbraideth not and it shall be given him," been so full of meaning as on this morning. It came with a power that will remain to one a precious memory so long as she lives.

Four members of the committee were present, one being detained at home by illness. After a brief but earnest season of prayer, in which each took part, Mrs. Hanna spoke of the object of the meeting—the organization of auxiliary, or as they are now called, congregational

societies, first; Presbyterial societies later, and when the women of the church were more fully enlisted, interested and educated, the whole to be united and consolidated. One who knew little asked, "What will this committee do then?" She smiled and said, 'We'll not be needed." She believed it could be done and after hearing it discussed in that meeting the faithless one believed it "*would* be done."

But the appliances seemed so inadequate. There was a treasurer, but no treasury—so little on which to work. Packages of this constitution were put into the secretary's hands and she was directed to insert a notice in the *United Presbyterian* stating that they were in her possession and would be furnished to anyone on application. A brief account of the meeting was also published.

Taking the secretary to one side before parting Mrs. Hanna said earnestly, "I don't want you to send out one of those constitutions without asking God's blessing upon it, and be sure you send with it an earnest, loving letter." In this way work was quietly done; the interest widened and deepened, for God's spirit was working upon the hearts of the women.

Many other willing and more able hands took up the work and it has gone grandly on. Mrs. Hanna's aged heart was gladdened by seeing many tokens of ultimate success before she entered the rest "that remaineth for the people of God." When she died, in 1886, there were 32 Presbyterial societies, 469 Congregational and 13,585 members. Contributions for that year $38,749. In our last yearly report we find that there are 737 Congregational societies in 56 different Presbyteries and that in 45 Presbyteries, Presbyterial Associations have been formed. Total membership reported, 18,697. Contributions for this last year (not including boxes) $49,485. Total reported contributions for the last seven years (including boxes) $273,831.

We see how the leaven has worked. In 45 of our 60 Presbyteries the women are organized for work. In 11 more there are Congregational societies and we are hopeful of them; for this leaven has an assimilating as well as permeating power. Only four Presbyteries whose entire sisterhood is yet out in the cold. Let us hope, pray and believe that they, too, will very soon come into the sunshine and warmth of Christian activity in this direction. Every year the contributions are increasing. In six years they are doubled.

In the last Assembly report the following honorable mention of our work is made: "The work of this Board indicates a healthy and vigorous growth; a work constantly increasing in power and usefulness." Two-thirds of the faithful and devoted unmarried female missionaries in our foreign field are provided for by the offerings of their home sisters. Thus the request of the Foreign Board that the "women of our church would undertake to provide for all the women's work for heathen women" is being gradually accomplished.

Our Women's Board in its short life has already by its good work proved its right to exist, and the fears of some who thought it might conflict with the work as already done have been happily dispelled. Brothers and sisters work together in full harmony without any of the friction which was feared.

The Assembly this year recommends that these societies "make all their contributions for missionary purposes through their own Presbyterial treasurers." The work of establishing a hospital in connection with our mission in India was handed over to the women last year; the Board of Foreign Missions only stipulating that it should not interfere with work already undertaken. Now the $5,000 needed to make the hospital an established fact has all been raised,

and the work of building a roomy, convenient house for this purpose is being pushed forward as fast as circumstances will admit. The Assembly direct that the Board of Foreign Missions give the management of the medical work in connection with it into the hands of the Women's Board, in so far as it extends to the nonination of medical missionaries and to all the details in carrying on the medical work in hospitals and elsewhere.

In addition to our foreign work we have been helpers in the Home Field, and weary sister's hearts who are toiling so hard and often very inadequately supported have been gladdened by words of sympathy and substantial help. At its meeting in May, the Home Mission Board took the following action. We are "in favor of employing women as workers in city missions, provided that satisfactory arrangements can be made with the Women's Board for their support." Thus another door is opened to us in the Master's service. What possibilities are seen in the ample room just beyond.

These facts show increasing confidence in the work that is being accomplished. The brothers see, and each year concede more, as they note the ability of the sisters to stand by their side, and keep step with them in the line of Christian progress.

The WOMEN'S MISSIONARY MAGAZINE now in its third year, has been a great helper in fostering a missionary spirit among our women by giving them information in regard to women's work in all the various departments and in showing what she yet needs to do to aid in spreading the Gospel in all lands. So wisely and economically has this work been done that in these hard first years all obligations have been promptly met; and so well is the MAGAZINE answering the end and aim of its existence that we all feel "it has come to stay," for we cannot afford to do without it. If thus necessary to us who live in the very stronghold of United Presbyterianism, how much more to our sisters in the needy isolated fields who are laboring amid so many disadvantages, to impart knowledge and increase interest in the work of our church.

To the Church Extension, Ministerial Relief and Parsonage fund we have been contributors. Our colored brothers and sisters have not been forgotten. May we not hope to hear from this work in "the last great day," when to those who have engaged in it the Master will say, "I was naked and ye clothed me."

To the Little Girls' Home, at Knoxville, Tennessee, we have been substantial helpers. And now the women and children have assumed the responsibility of providing the funds for a Home for little boys at the same place, and already good progress has been made in securing the necessary funds for this enterprise.

Our Board agreed to raise $10,000 for the erection of the Warm Spring Indian school buildings. These buildings have not yet been erected, but more than two-thirds of the amount pledged has been secured. Other worthy objects have from time to time claimed and received attention.

Of all the work undertaken, perhaps the one in which most interest has been taken by the greatest number of sisters, young and old, has been our Orphans' Home. Indeed the enthusiasm overleaped the boundary of sex, and brothers caught the good spirit and vied with the sisters in this work. A little more than ten years ago, when the Women's United Presbyterian Association decided to erect a Home for the orphans of our church, what a heavy burden of debt was assumed in the face of many difficulties requiring strong faith to continue the work went forward and their faith was rewarded. Not only is this comfortable home free from all debt but in addition

to this in the last year a hospital for sick children has been built and furnished, which is already nearly paid for. How many hearts are enlisted in this work. The aged grandmother and the little child work hand in hand and heart to heart learning together the truth, "It is more blessed to give than to receive." The maidens, too, spent not their time in idly dreaming, but with loving hearts and willing hands came up nobly to this work.

In this brief and very incomplete review of our history, we think we all agree in seeing that an affirmative answer is proper to the question proposed for consideration. You will notice that the question is not, "*Has* our missionary society *accomplished* the object of its organization," but "*is* it *accomplishing* it." Through the instrumentality of this society our knowledge of the missionary work done by our church has been increased. By this society Christ's kingdom has been advanced by its enlargement of the missionary work done by our church. The devotional spirit of its members has been increased and that timidity which was characteristic of the women of our church, has been in some measure overcome.

We have great reason for thankfulness to God for what He has done *in*, *through* and *for* us in the past; yet let us not feel that we have reached the place where we can sit down with folded hands. The travelers have not yet reached the mountain top; there are higher places yet to be attained by earnest, persistent effort. Therefore with Paul "leaving the things which are behind" let us press forward.

We are not making the most of our privileges. The tide of time has floated mankind onward to a region of light and the high and holy obligations which rest upon the ransomed of God are being more and more recognized. Especially is this true of our sex. Yet is there any one of us that is doing all that she can? If we were at this moment called to our final account, could the Master say of us what he did of Mary, "She hath done what she could?"

How small a proportion of our paying members attend our regular monthly meetings, and how much smaller still is the proportion who take any active part when present. This is one of the greatest drawbacks—perhaps the greatest impediment to fuller success. This is not only true of women's work in our own denomination, but in other branches of the Church as well. What can we do to overcome this difficulty? It is in the power of nearly every sister to be present regularly at the monthly meetings. I know this will often require a little planning and effort. But, dear sisters, it will pay. The few persons who are expected to be always present will be gladdened and strengthened by even your presence only; and if you come with prayerful hearts to these meetings, you will be better sisters, wives and mothers for it. "Iron sharpeneth iron, so a man sharpeneth the countenance of his friend."

I think I hear some timid one reply, "Well, I would go, but I am afraid I will be asked to take part in the exercises and that is something I never could do." Are you sure you never could read a few verses from God's Word, select a Psalm and ask to have it sung or even pray in the hearing of others? This last seems the hardest. Oh, if we could forget the faces of clay around us, and think only of the face of the Lord our God, looking in love toward us, His ear open to our petition, His hand strong and ready to help! Help is promised for every time of need. If we make this effort depending on God we will be helped to pray and delivered from the fear of man which bringeth a snare.

Have you thought when some other sister performed this duty, "Oh, it is

easy for her?" Do not be so sure of that. Very likely while you are thinking it is no trial at all, her heart is beating so hard she feels as if those near her must hear it. And if by patient continuance in well doing she has at length gained more strength, yet there was a time when she felt as you do now and it was only her sense of solemn obligation ever led her to make the first effort.

Think of what Jesus has done for us and shall we be ashamed to bear this little cross for Him? One of our missionary sisters in Burmah when called upon to part with her children for years, that they might be properly educated, led them toward the ocean that would soon separate her from them. It cost such a struggle as only a mother's heart can feel and realize as she kissed them good bye. Turning from them she lifted her streaming eyes to heaven and exclaimed, "Oh, Jesus, I do this for thee."

Even if it does seem a heavy cross, can we not bravely bear it as this missionary sister bore the heavier one; looking forward to the time when we shall stand before the great white throne when the secrets of all hearts will be revealed.

We want to gain the highest possible efficiency in our work and a more active interest on the part of a majority of our sisters is necessary to this. Our aim is to reach the mountain top; and from God's promises and our past history it is our privilege to believe that this aim will be accomplished. We have not been left to stumble in paths of our own choosing. Can any one doubt that God's presence has been as really with us as it was with Israel of old whose eyes were gladdened with the sight of the pillar of cloud by day and of fire by night? Let us grasp with more firm faith the strong hand reaching down for our guidance and help, and we will reach the mountain top. Yea, we will reach the everlasting height and surrounded by its glory, we will then look calmly down. "Faith changed to sight, hope to fruition." With the glory all around us we will think of the promise that gladdened us here. "All earth shall be filled with the glory of the Lord."

For the Woman's Missionary Magazine.

THE ORIGIN OF THE WEEK OF PRAYER.

MISS E. P. PHELPS.

THE unanimity with which the "Week of Prayer" has come to be observed by Christians of every denomination, not only in our own country but in the Protestant world, is such that a brief account of its origin may not be uninteresting, particularly to the younger generation, who have grown up since the scenes occurred which called it into existence.

Like many other events which mark the upward and onward progress of the Church, it had its first beginning in the hour of darkness and bereavement.

From the great awakening to the value and need of Missions which grew up in the Church, at the close of the last and beginning of the present century, to the time when the news of the Sepoy mutiny and its accompanying atrocities sent a thrill of horror throughout the civilized world, India and her people had occupied a place in the Christian heart. Some of Christianities greatest victories had been won here; some of her greatest names were associated with her history. At this time—1857-8—almost every denomination had its representatives in this

land laboring for the elevation of her people. The readers of "Our India Mission" need not be reminded that the India missionary pioneer of the United Presbyterian church, Dr. Andrew Gordon with his family, had just arrived in the country and was beginning what has proved one of the most successful missionary enterprises. Few heeded the coming danger and the storm burst as from a clear sky.

It is not necessary to recount the horrors of those days. "Our India Mission" tells how it fared with our own missionaries in the best governed and most secure of the disaffected provinces.

The Methodist brethren found safety in what was the close prison of a mountain fortress. The Presbyteriau and Baptist missionaries with the native teachers, some thirty or forty in all, fell by the hand of violence. The Mission properiy, their homes, schools and churches were destroyed. Had the work been as it had been characterized by the great English wit, that of a few crazy fanatics seeking notoriety, probably its end would have been then.

But when the news reached this country, among all Christians, especially in that denomination which had suffered most, although there was much sorrow and many tears, there was no thought of surrender. Prayer-meetings sprang up; money as never before was poured into the treasury to rebuild the waste places, and devoted spirits offered to fill the places of their martyred brethren. This encouragement was not in vain, and with new hope and courage they proceeded once more to lay the foundations.

In November, 1858, the Presbyterian missionaries assembled at Lodiana to hold their annual meeting. After the usual business routine had been finished it was decided to hold a special prayer service to continue for three days, for the conversion of the world. Dr. Jas. Campbell has given a touching description of those days: "Days," which he tells us "were the most delightful he ever spent. It was like heaven on earth."

At the close of the service, with great solemnity, a preamble and resolutions were adopted. One of the resolutions reads thus:

"*Resolved*, That we appoint the second week in January, 1858, beginning with Monday, 8th instant, as a time of special prayer; and the people of God, of every name and nation, of every continent and island, are invited to unite in the petition that He will now pour out His spirit upon all flesh, so that the ends of the earth may see his salvation."

This was the origin of the "Week of Prayer."

A MISSIONARY SOCIETY OF TWO.

"MAY I come in, Mrs. Roberts?"

The speaker, a young, sweet-faced woman, in a neat-fitting gray gown, stood at the half-open gate, one gray-gloved hand resting on it, the other holding a small silk umbrella over her head. Mrs. Roberts was on the inside of the gate, and presented a decided contrast to the pleasant little woman who stood smiling at her from the street.

"Well, I don't know anything to hinder you," she said in a very ungracious way, but going toward her visitor at the same time.

Now if any woman was ever justified in showing an ungracious front to a fellow-creature, Mrs. Roberts felt that under the circumstances she was the woman. She had been up since five o'clock,

working busily all the morning with hands, feet and brain, and was tired both mentally and physically. A large washing on the line told of how the greater part of the time had been occupied, but there was nothing apparent to the eye to show the amount of labor necessary for the preparation of breakfast for four men, the clearing away of the same afterwards, and gettingt he children ready for school, and putting the house to rights—sweeping, dusting and bedmaking, all done before the washing was commenced. Then when that was done came the preparation of vegetables for dinner, which had been finished only a few minutes before, and Mrs. Roberts had just stepped out into the front yard with her wash dress on. It was a calico, too much worn for any work but washing, with a petticoat which formed a fitting mate to the dress, showing through a couple of rents in the skirt. It was none too clean either, and as for a collar, or neatly arranged hair, well, those were things which did not enter into Mrs. Roberts' calculation on *any* day of the week except Sabbath until after the dinner work was done.

As I said, her brain had been busy all the morning, too. She had two little daughters for whom she was far more ambitious than she had ever been for herself, and that ambition took the form of a strong desire to see them well dressed. Her brain was busy working out the problem of summer clothes, and the solution required great mental effort in the present, and large sacrifices and self-denial on her part in the future. Summing it all up, the result was such a tired, irritable, unreasoning state of mind and body, that it was actually an impossibility for her to meet her pastor's wife with a smiling face.

Poor Mrs. Gray! The smile remained on her face, but all the brightness had left it. With a queer sense of defeat she watched the approach of the other woman, while through her mind darted the question: "Is *this* your stock of courage? are you going to faint at the first bit of unpleasantness?" She had risen from her knees to start on her errand, and all along the road between the two houses, her heart had gone up in supplication to the Great Helper for wisdom and courage. Yet here she was, almost ready to give up at the first obstacle. *Almost*, but not quite. "For Christ's sake," she thought, and with the renewal of her soul's strength came back the brightness to her face.

Mrs. Roberts had reached the gate and pulled it wide open with a less unkindly invitation to "come on in." Indeed her heart had been reproaching her from the first, for she was really a kind-hearted, whole-souled woman, and in addition to this she had a real affection for the cheerful, kind, well-bred woman who had come to live among them just six months ago. By the time the house was reached all her ill humor had vanished, and her manner was so kind, her invitation to "take off her things and stay to dinner" was so hearty that Mrs. Gray began mentally taking herself to task for her hurt feelings. "*Why* am I so sensitive? I do wish I could be less selfish, for that is just what such sensitiveness as mine amounts to."

She begged leave to sit in the kitchen while Mrs. Roberts cooked her dinner, and they had a very pleasant hour together, for Mrs. Roberts had a native shrewdness and wit of her own, which made her a very agreeable companion. When she sat down to dinner in a clean dress, her face bright and animated, (the effect of Mrs. Gray's pleasant companionship) she actually looked pretty.

Alas, how much beauty that *could* shine forth from a woman's face, is driven away and finally lost by the narrowness of her daily life.

Dinner was over and the men gone back to the field, and Mrs. Roberts, in her brisk, bustling manuer, was washing

dishes, and Mrs. Gray was drying them. "Now," she thought, "is my time," and without giving herself time to lose her courage, plunged at once into her subject:

"Mrs. Roberts, I had another object than my own pleasure, in coming over to-day."

"To give me pleasure, too, wasn't it?"

A little glow of happiness rushed into Mrs. Gray's heart. She did so want her husband's people to love her. It was with shining eyes she answered, "I would be very glad if I thought it gave you pleasure, Mrs. Roberts, but I wanted to ask you to do something. I have been thinking we ought to have a missionary society in our church, and I am going to ask all the ladies what they think about it, with a view to forming one. It cannot be a very large one, of course, for there are so few of us, but we could do something. And the Lord looks on the motives and desires of the heart, not on the amount accomplished."

Mrs. Roberts' face had grown quite grave during Mrs. Gray's speech, and some time made no reply. "How often would you expect this society to have a meeting?"

"I thought once in two weeks would suit us all."

"And we'd have to *give* something, I 'spose."

"Not unless one chose. But do you not think we could spare a litttle, say five cents each regular meeting?"

Mrs. Roberts stood thinking for a moment, then burst out with, "Mrs. Gray, if I didn't know better, I'd say you were the selfishest woman I ever saw."

"Selfish," faltered Mrs. Gray.

"Yes, selfish. Here am I, a hard working woman, as no one knows better than you. I am just that busy from morning till night, I don't know which way to turn. Up early in the morning with work, work, work all day. I declare I am that tired some nights I can't sleep. And we are poor—you know that just as well as the other. I'd like to know when *I* could get as pretty a gown as that you've got on, and as for gloves—well I've got to make up my mind to showing my big red hands wherever I go, for the want of a pair of gloves to cover 'em. And knowing all this, you come and ask me to join a society which would take one afternoon out of every two weeks, and give some money into the bargain. I most wonder you a'int ashamed to ask it."

A feeling of injustice being done her, gave Mrs. Gray the courage to reply: "No, I am not ashamed, and for many reasons. In the first place, I think it is our duty to form such a society, and I hope I need not be ashamed to ask you to do what I thought was right, and I think that no matter how hard our duty may be for us, the doing it brings its own compensation. Our peace of mind is increased, and consequently our happiness, and there are always so many little 'every day' things to be considered, too. I know your work is hard, but do you not think it would be restful as well as pleasant to spend an occasional afternoon in the society of your friends?"

"I doubt if many of them are there," said Mrs. Roberts, grimly.

Mrs. Gray wisely made no reply, as it was the echo of her own fears. Instead, she asked, "You go by the school-house on your way to the church, do you not?" Receiving an affirmative reply she continued: "Do you not think it would be very pleasant for both you and your little girls, to have them wait for you on the society days, and have your walk home together? It would be a 'red letter' day for the children, I am sure. How they would enjoy that walk with mamma, and how you could interest and instruct them by telling them about the flowers and trees, the birds and bees you would see by the way."

"I couldn't teach them what I don't

know myself," said Mrs. Roberts slowly, and with less opposition in her manner. But her face clouded over again and she stopped washing her dishes, resting a hand on each side of her pan and looking direct at her visitor's face said forcibly, "Look here, Mrs. Gray, I may as well be plain about it. You could see for yourself, if you would, that I *can't* do it, and I'll say just out what I mean and that is, I *won't* do it."

"I am sorry," was the only reply.

The rest of the afternoon and all of the next day was spent by Mrs. Gray in calling upon the ladies of her husband's congregation, asking them to join the proposed society, with varying results.

Mrs. Esdale, a vivacious little chatterbox, "was sure it was the very thing. Of course they would *all* be *glad* to join, and what puzzled *her*, was that no one had thought of it before. But of *course* all these little things would be carried right along, now that dear Mrs. Gray had come among them."

Dear Mrs. Gray was not any surer of that than she was of Mrs. Esdale's presence at the missionary society, but she wisely kept her doubts locked in her breast while she made the discreet answer of a smile.

Mrs. Avery thought the subject of missions an interesting one, and was ready to join the society. Mrs. Gray proposed organizing *just as soon as every young person in attendance upon the services held in Mr. Gray's church was converted.* And Mr. Gray's poor little wife went on her journey to the next house feeling that if these young people were not converted, it would not be because they refused to accept Christ, but in consequence of some fault of the pastor or his wife.

At the close of the second day, after having seen every lady in the congregation, and given an invitation to be at the church the following Thursday, she found herself tired and dispirited. She had little hope of seeing many of them present, and on the day in question, it was with a sinking heart and trembling hands she started to the church. Earnestly she prayed that the Holy Spirit would put it into the heart of at least one woman to come, or that she might be given grace to bear disappointment if that was in store for her.

She took the trail through the woods, that being her nearest way. As the soothing influence of the fresh air, the alternate sunshine and shadow, the joyous song of birds and the hum of insects fell upon her heart, her spirits rose, and snatches of songs came from her lips. "What a lovely day," she thought, "surely the very sunshine will tempt them to come."

But it did not, nor did anything else, and Mrs. Gray spent the afternoon alone in the church. She waited one hour, then began her exercises. The red blood mounted into her cheeks in her embarrassment over the strange situation, and with tearful eyes and faltering lips, she read aloud the chapter she had selected before leaving home. She then knelt and poured out her soul in prayer. She forgot she was alone, the sound of her own voice no longer frightened her, and there was no trembling in her tones as she asked God to bless the society that day organized in His name; to convince those who ought to be there of their duty; to grant unto her wisdom, and patience, and zeal, and—above all—faith. Rising, she unrolled and pinned on the wall a large sheet of tan-colored wrapping paper, upon which was outlined in crayon the Hindoostan peninsula, with its principal rivers, the Himalaya mountains forming the boundary on the north. She proceeded to give a lesson on India, just as if the house was filled with a listening audience, carefully marking all the older, well established mission stations with red pencil, and the new ones with blue. A condensed history of the planting and growth of missions in that

heathen land, which had been carefully prepared, was gone through with from begining to end. A grim sense of humor had taken hold of her in spite of the seriousness and gravity of her position, and with a smile and courteous bow toward where the audience *ought* to have been, she announced her readiness to answer any questions any one might choose to ask. But her eyes were full of tears at the same time.

After announcing the subject for the next meeting, she dropped on her knees, and in a fervent prayer, gave heartfelt thanks for the grace which had enabled her to do as she had done, and for the spiritual blessing which was her's in consequence of having done a hard thing for "Christ's sake."

Among the announcements of the following Sabbath was one to the effect that the Ladies Missionary Society would meet in the church Thursday, at two o'clock. At the close of the services, as Mrs. Gray was cordially shaking hands with some strangers among the congregation, Mrs. Roberts' ungloved hand was offered and cordially grasped.

"See here," she said in a loud whisper, "I want to ask about your missionary society. How many were there?"

"There was no one there but myself," was the answer given with a very flushed face.

"And don't you mean to give it up?"

"No, not yet."

"Well, what did you do there all by yourself?"

"I opened the meeting with devotional exercises; then had a lesson, with a map, on India, which included a little history."

Mrs. Roberts looked at her pastor's wife with very conflicting emotions. She actually could not decide whether to admire her for her "pluck," or to set her down as a fool. She said nothing, however, neither did she go away. She was still standing at the door when Mrs. Gray had spoken to the last person in the vestibule, and as she turned to meet her husband with a bright smile, a hand was laid on her arm, and Mrs. Roberts spoke in a husky voice:

"See here, you shan't have another meeting all by yourself, I promise you."

Without waiting to see the glad look in Mrs. Gray's face or to hear the hearty "Thank you" that came impulsively from her lips, she turned and hurried away and was soon lost to sight.

On the next Thursday the Missionary Society consisted of two, and both took part in the work, for as Mrs. Roberts said, "It wasn't in her to *half* do a thing."

She had cut a slip from a newspaper, a little anecdote copied from a letter of a missionary, and with much embarrassment, read it at the "meeting." Her five cents was forthcoming at the proper time.

The society has not grown any yet—in numbers—but who can estimate the growth of those two devoted women? All the spiritual graces have been nourished in their hearts, and the "fruits of the Spirit" are showing a bountiful harvest. Their geographical knowledge has expanded as well, and as for their affection for each other—does any one need to be informed regarding the growth of *that!*

ISABEL ANWAY.

SHALL WE SEND DELEGATES?

An extract from *Woman's Work for Woman*, is upon a subject that is never out of season. It is the old story—"Why this Waste?"

"Should auxiliary and Presbyterial societies send delegates and defray their expenses to all important meetings; and should such societies bear the official expenses of their officers in the way of correspondence, etc., incident to their posi-

tion?

The question naturally falls into two divisions—a question of *expenses* and one of *delegates*. I should answer the question of expenses with an unqualified *yes*.

But, says one, "Our society is so small and we are so poor; if we should pay the expenses of a delegate, and submit to a presbyterial tax, we should have no money left for missions."

This might prove to be the best contribution that you ever made to missions. The greater the famine, the greater necessity that the sisters should be sent down to Egypt to buy corn, and if at the same time you can send "a little present of balm and honey and spices," it will be well received and may prove a highway to the land of Goshen.

In our large, well-to-do societies there are those who are able and who indeed prefer to pay their own expenses. To these I would suggest that in order that all members should feel themselves upon a common level, it would be a kind and beautiful thing, for such members, when elected delegates or officers, to draw their expenses from the *general fund*, and make their contribution in some other way. But—why *send* delegates? Trades, professions, politics, art, science, to ensure life and progress, must encourage study and experiment, and make frequent interchange of experiences and results. Hence, the political campaign; medical, musical, literary and scientific associations, from the most unpretending village club to the Royal Society of London or Paris. Missionary interest is no exception to this general rule.

These meetings stimulate and supply our first great want—knowledge—information.

Of that part of the work of Foreign Missions which has come so wonderfully and so exclusively to woman, in the last twenty years, that no Christian woman dare shut her heart to the call, how much here is to learn—of its fields, its subjects, their wants, the supply, our investments and the returns, our trusts and corresponding obligations, best ways of eliciting and continuing interest.

We need an *intelligent* faith. Twenty years ago the Mission fields of our Presbyterian Church were as much a *terra incognita* to most of our women as was the interior of Africa before we had a Livingstone or a Stanley. Our Sabbath-school children of ten years know more of our missions and missionaries than did their mothers a few years ago. This awakening is largely due to meetings where devoted leaders from various parts of our land, and missionaries from the field, have brought to *masses* of women the results of patient research, untiring effort, loving devotion, ripe experience. We cannot afford to lose the benefits of these Training Schools where, as Mrs. Willing so admirably puts it—"100,000 women are monthly bringing the best products of their brains, where 36,000 women are learning to preside, to keep secretaries' books and treasurers' accounts, and where all are learning to collect and judiciously expend several million dollars annually."

Who can estimate the possibilities of a meeting of one of our Woman's Societies? What our Methodist sisters call "sound conversions" often occur.

Send the sister whose horizon needs broadening—who does not believe in *Foreign* Missions.

Send the timid, modest, shrinking sister—so bright, active, efficient, so quick to perceive, so clever to plan, so brilliant to execute in the home and social circle, but who is tongue-tied in the missionary meeting. The dumb may speak.

Send your women of *one* idea, she may come back with *two*; or the one who is all surface and no depth may return with *one idea*.

Send the critical sister who thinks that missionary societies are made up of very peculiar people, of women who are unfitted to shine in other walks of life. Her

eyes will be opened.

Send the hard-worked, busy wife and mother, who treasures up her scraps of time and her bits of coin, that she may make an offering for the cause she loves. It will be a strengthening cordial for her.

Also send the sister whose graven brass, curtains, embroidery, fine twined linen with open work rival the cunning work of Bezaleel or of the son of the woman of the daughters of Dan; she may become one of the "wise-hearted who did spin with their hands, and brought that which they had spun as a willing offering to the Lord.'

Send the *girls* that in the fresh young life they are taking on, this great subject may have its place.

Do you wish to create a missionary sentiment in your community, to bring about a revival of faith and zeal, to draw out the latent sympathy and the latent talent of your Church, to educate your children, and enlist your young people? Do you desire a full treasury, to nerve the arm of the Foreign Missions Committee, to hold up the hands of the missionaries, to speed the coming of the King? If so, these meetings are of vital importance, attend them, study for them, pray for them."

Missionary Correspondence.

CHASE CITY, VA., NOV. 12, 1889.

DEAR FRIENDS:—For some time past we had a series of religious meetings in which deep interest was manifested. Quite a number publicly acknowledged their acceptance of Christ as their Savior, and there was a great outpouring of the Spirit upon Christians. The attendance at all the meetings was good, and every one, from the oldest to the youngest, took part. The colored people have an original way of saying things that is sometimes very forcible indeed. The majority of the old people and many of the middle-aged are unable to read, but their knowledge of the Bible is wonderful. The greater number of them are blessed with good memories and have passages of Scripture ready for all occasions. It makes one, who has had so many opportunities of learning about Jesus, very much ashamed of herself and almost envy these people, who, although so ignorant, are so spiritual, live so near to the Savior andhave such sweet communion with Him. On Sabbath, November 3rd, we enjoyed an unusually pleasont communion. There were fourteen persons received into the church on profession, all of whom seemed deeply impressed with the vows they took upon themselves. Mr. Veazey gave a Bible to each of them, saying, "This is the compass that you need to guide you through life. Study it every day, and with God's help, you will anchor safely in the Harbor of Rest." It was an encouraging fact that the old pupils, who are teaching in the surrounding country, made a great effort to be here for the communion. Some of them walked fourteen miles in the rain, and certainly proved themselves not to be fair weather Christians.

In the day school everything is going on smoothly. There are more pupils in attendance now than ever before at this time of the year. The need of hand-training in addition to the training of mind has been greatly felt for a long time, and the work is badly crippled without it. An industrial home for girls is especially needed. The girls are accustomed to labor in the fields and, with the exception of a few who have been employed in the families of white people,

are utterly ignorant of housework. They cannot learn to work at home, because they have no one to teach them. Therefore an Industrial Home in which they will be taught all kinds of work required to make a home what it should be, is a necessity, if we expect any improvement in the home life of the people

Yours sincerely,
ANNA M. CURRIE.

DHARMSALA, Sept. 12, 1889.

[This letter was received too late for the Presbyterial Missionary Association of Allegheny, and was kindly furnished for publication.—ED.]

MY DEAR FRIENDS:—Next month, I believe, is the time for your meeting and I must endeavor to have a letter for it.

I am afraid I have no very good news to write. You will, perhaps, have heard that our mission field has been invaded by Roman Catholics who are doing all in their power to break up our work. They have their headquarters at Sialkot. A number of priests and nuns have arrived and preparations are being made to prosecute the work with vigor. They are also making arrangements for a college in Lahore, and they evidently intend to spare no pains to keep North India from becoming Protestant. Instead of going to the heathen they at once went to our Mission converts and began to entice them away. Whole villages have gone over to Rome. Many of the people do not realize what they are doing, as the advent of a Roman Catholic mission was so unforseen that the people have not been much instructed about the tenets of that false religion. The priests offer all sorts of inducements to our christians. It is said they give a goat and a rupee to each one who goes over to them, and they employ a great many men in the villages at high salaries. I hear that they have thousands of rupees to spend in such work. Unless they have an inexhaustible treasury it will soon run out at the rate they are paying out money. It is heartrending to see the way that our christians go over to them. You have often heard of the weakness of the native christian. Now it is more than ever apparent. Many of those whose names have been on the chureh rolls are scarcely worthy of the name of christian; and now when money is offered to them to get them to change their religion, of course they go at once. But although it makes me heart-sick to hear of the weakness of many, yet, thank God, many also stand firm. These are working nobly for the truth.

Gurdaspur and Jhelum districts have not been invaded as yet, but, I suppose, our turn is coming. One thing is a help to us in the coming struggle with the power of Rome. The Mohammedans hate idolatry, and it is not likely that many of them will become Roman Catholics, but they will use their influence against Popery. Above every thing else, we feel that God is on our side. It is such a comforting thought that the work is His work. He takes more interest in it than we possibly can and He will see that all that happens to it is for the best.

When I came to the hills I was ill. I kept pretty well during the dreadful heat on the plains, and this last has been an unusually hot season, but the day I started for the hills I was very ill. I shall never forget the misery of that journey. It was several days after I arrived before I was able to be about much, but the cool hill air acted like a charm and I am now quite strong again.

The work at Jhelum was going on very well when I left. The attendance in the schools was good, but, I am sorry to say, that on account of Mrs. James' illness, very little zenana work was done, but the work among the Christian women went on as usual.

Since I have come to the hills Mr. Scott has baptized several who were before inquiring and being instructed. The Mohammedan girl from our city school sends me word that as soon as I return

she will be baptized; but as she is not of age I fear we will be obliged to postpone her baptism. We have to be careful not to come into collision with English law, which is not any too friendly to missionaries, in the main.

My heart has been made glad by the news that Miss Anderson is soon to return to India, and Miss E. Gordon, too. We will be so glad to see her again. We hope that some other lady missionaries will come. The great need of the work in our estimation, at present, is more ladies who will devote themselves to instructing the christians and carrying the Bible among the heathen. My own district, that of Jhelum and Shapur, is one of the most difficult in the field and one of the most inaccessible, yet abundance of work is opened up for many ladies.

Bhera, a place where Miss Anderson was at first stoned, even before she returned to America, was pretty well opened to zenana work, and now we are thinking of opening up a girls' school in that bigoted place, although up to this time the government has not been able to open one. I believe our Mission did have a school there once, several years ago, but it had to be given up

Trusting that you will remember me in your prayers,

I am very sincerely yours,

ANNIE F. GIVEN.

ANI, KOOLOO DISTRICT,
Sept. 5th, 1889.

DEAR READERS:—August was my month for writing to the MAGAZINE, but I had no time until reaching this place, where Miss White and I have come for a rest and visit with our friend and former co-worker, Mrs. Carleton, formerly Miss Calhoun, of our Mission.

We left Gujranwalla on the 6 A. M. train, Saturday, Aug. 17th, and reached Umballa, three hundred miles distant, about 9 o'clock P. M.; spent the Sabbath with the Presbyterian missionaries, and on Monday evening started by stage-coach for Simla, the Summer capital of the Punjab.

About half-way between Umballa and Kalka we crossed the Gaggar river, a swift mountain stream, which sometimes has to be crossed on elephants. They were present, but we did not need to leave the stage-coach: the horses were exchanged for mammoth oxen which dragged us over the long stretch of sand and the river, which in the darkness did not seem larger than an American creek. Our first stopping place was Kalka, at the foot of the mountains, where we left the stage-coach and took a two wheeled vehicle called a tonga, for the ascent. Every ten miles the two horses were exchanged for fresh ones. At Solon, the half-way place, we stopped for breakfast —and such a breakfast!! Food neither good nor properly cooked, and we left the place with wiser heads, lighter pockets and hungry ——.

About four o'clock in the afternoon we reached Simla, a beautiful place, and proceeded to a hotel, where we had been told we could get plain but respectable lodging. Mrs. Carleton had sent a horse and dandy to meet us in Simla, for the 70 miles yet to be traveled, and our plan was to go twelve miles farther on our way and spend the night where it would not be so expensive; but the drive of 98 miles was all we could take without rest. The landlord, a jovial-faced old gentleman, knew Mr. Carleton and we were given a comfortable suite of rooms on the third floor, and immediately served with delicious tea, buttered toast and cake; after the eating of which, my weary "bones" were laid to rest upon a couch and remained there until dinner was ready at eight o'clock.

We intended to only take a cup of tea and toast early in the morning and breakfast at the next stopping place while the horse rested. Wednesday morning the

rain just "poured" down, and in the afternoon when the storm had somewhat abated, we paid our bill, from which 20 per cent was deducted because we were missionaries, and proceeded on our way to the bungalow where we had hoped to spend the previous night. It was dark when we reached there and our wraps and bedding were damp and wet, but a good fire, costing a mere trifle, soon dried them.

Thursday morning the sun shone out brightly and we had pleasant weather all the rest of the way, except six miles. The whole journey was a continual feast for the eyes—which compensated for the daily fasting—the road oftentimes leading along the edge of a high precipice or through a forest of oak, pine and other trees, with streams of clear running water and water-falls; while in every direction could be seen mountain sides and valleys covered sometimes with forests of pine and the grand old cedars of Lebanon, interspersed with cultivated fields and villages of the inhabitants, or the whole mountain side covered with cultivated terraces and houses of the cultivators.

On the road-side, at the top of every steep or difficult place, were placed sticks or reeds with red rags tied to the top of them—signs to show they are sacred places and dedicated to the heathen divinities. Oftentimes when the mountaineers have leisure, they offer the sacrifice of a sheep in such places.

Miss White, who was on horseback, reached Dalash, seven miles from Ani before me; when I arrived found her trying to boil water in a biscuit box to make tea. We had eaten nothing since 6 a. m., and it was then 4 p. m. We had no milk for our tea, but enjoyed it and felt like new creatures after the drinking of it, and strengthened for the rest of the journey.

While taking our lunch a man arrived from Ani; we sent him back for lanterns, knowing that we could not reach Ani before dark. I started on the pony but only rode about two miles, it seemed so tired, and walked the remainder of the way. We were about half way when darkness overtook us, and no lanterns. The situation was not a pleasant one—on a strange mountain side, the road but a narrow foot-path, oftentimes leading along the edge of a precipice or deep gorge and danger from leopards and bears. The man leading the horse stopped and said, "What shall we do?" "Push on to the next village," I replied, "and get a torch." After going some distance farther, he said, "You take that path, pointing downward, and I will take the horse the upper one. The lower road is so bad the horse cannot go over it."

I asked him how I could go alone in the dark not knowing the way. On inquiry we found we were near a village where help could be obtained, and he went on with me, the horse stumbling along, and once falling. Soon after the horse got up we met two men and a boy with two lanterns. The men were sent on with the largest one to meet Miss White, who had been detained and was some distance behind. The boy, with the other lantern, led the way to a house in the village, where a native Christian family lived. They gave me a seat, a refreshing drink of water and kindly arranged to keep the horse until morning.

After resting, the boy took me on; one place we had to go along a ledge of rocks, just having room for a foothold. I thought while hold on to the rocks and crawling along that one mis-step and I would be dashed into the roaring river below. Mr. Carleton has had several head of cattle killed when crossing that place. I was almost past walking when the door opened and Mrs. Carleton, Miss Carleton and Mr. D. appeared in view. After a warm greeting and placing me in a chair, they comforted me by laugh-

ing at me for undertaking such a journey so late in the evening. Then they gave me a glass of sherbet, a cup of soup, a hot bath, put me to bed and gave me more food. In the meantime we were very anxious about Miss White; afraid she had fallen over some of the dangerous places and been killed, but in a short time she appeared and put our fears to rest.

Ani is seventy miles from Simla in Kuulu—pronounced as it is spelled Kooloo—District. It is a scattered Christian village of forty (40) souls, more than half of which are adults, on the mountain side, triangular in shape, the apex facing the north and meeting the bend of the Ani river. There is a fine view of mountains by which it is surrounded and which make it difficult of access. It was founded about twelve years ago by Rev. M. M. Carleton, who gathered orphan boys together, married the marriageable ones to girls, usually those in orphanages, and placed them in stone houses, built on small plots of ground which Mr. Carleton himself owned.

English friends supplied the funds to build the houses, and he supported them until the land was cleared of stones, terraced and prepared for cultivation. He used no mission funds, except his own salary, for the purpose. The men and women did all the work they could in return for their food and clothes.

When the land got to producing well, and they had learned how to till it, each family was given land enough to cultivate for its support and thrown upon its own resources.

Dr. M. B. Carleton, a son of Rev. M. M. Carleton, has a good hospital here, from which thousands of patients receive treatment yearly, as well as hear the gospel. During the hot season Rev. M. M. Carleton holds a religious service daily for the heathen and Christians, besides his conversations with them in regard to their souls' salvation.

Mrs. Carleton superintends the teaching of the boys and girls, and meets every Saturday afternoon with the Christian women and girls for prayer, hearing catechism and Bible instruction.

This is the only mission station in the whole Kullu District, and from what we have seen of its workings, think it *must* be a power for good and bring forth much fruit unto everlasting life.

Yours. ROSE MCCULLOUGH.

ON S. S. MIRZAPORE, NOV. 14.

MY DEAR FRIENDS:—

My last to you was mailed in Liverpool. We reached that point Friday morning, October 25th, nine days after leaving New York. Mr. Mill, of Bywater & Co., came out on the "tender" to meet us and took charge of the party.

It was such a relief to have some one look after our baggage and help us through the custom house—and O, what a comfort to set foot on dry land once more.

I received two letters from friends in India. Others of the party were cheered with letters from home. Our hearts were filled with sorrow when we learned that in all probability our party would be divided when we reached London. Just as soon as our business was completed we took the train for the great city. It is two hundred and five miles by the Midland R. R. from Liverpool to London. We had a "special third class carriage" for the mission party. Three of the Presbyterian missionaries traveled with us. We found it very comfortable and all enjoyed the ride over the green fields, through hills and valleys. It was such a rest to our eyes to see something besides *water*. Knowing it would be late when we would get our supper, before leaving Liverpool Mrs. Nichol and I went to the market to get some fruit. We realized We were not in Pittsburgh or Allegheny markets when we asked the price of grapes and apples, and found them ten

and twelve cents a pound, and not very good at that.

It was about eight o'clock when we reached London and were met by Mr. Easton, of Bywater & Co., who took charge of us and we were soon on our way to a boarding house. For the benefit of those who may not understand who Bywater & Co. are, I will state they are a firm the Board has engaged to do business for the missions, and we found them to be very helpful.

How nice it was to be able to sleep in a bed once more. Next morning Mr. Fife went to see about our passage, and came back in a few hours with the news that we would be divided into three parties. The Fifes, Hollidays, Miss McGarey and myself sail from London October 31st, second class, via P. & O. steamer. Giffiens and Nichols from Liverpool, November 2. Cummings and Miss Gordon from Liverpool November 8th, the Liverpool parties going first class by different lines. The Board were too late in securing the passage. This is the busy season between England and India, so today instead of being all together we are sailing over the great sea in three different ships. The Kruideniers have gone to visit friends in Holland for two or three weeks. Our stay in London was full of shopping and preparations for our journey, so we had but little time for sight-seeing.

Thursday morning, October 31st, we bad good bye to our friends and took the train for the Mirzapore and were soon sailing down the Thames. We found our quarters more comfortable than we expected. There are about forty passengers second class. Beside our party there are nine other missionaries—eight of them for India and one lady for the Holy Land.

We had it very rough in the Channel and Bay of Biscay, in fact this is the *fourth pleasant* day we have had in two weeks at sea. We have all suffered more or less from sea sickness. Mr. Halliday more than any of us. He will soon have to get a tailor to make some changes in clothing if we do not have smooth sea. We reached Gibraltar on the 7th, but did not get ashore. Some old Moors brought fruit out in boats. We got oranges fifty for 24 cents and grapes 6 cents a pound. Leaving the old fortress we sailed along the coast of Spain. The scenery in the Sra Nevada mountains was very fine. Here and there we saw snow covered peaks. Saturday, November 9th we reached Marseilles and had merely time to set foot on sunny France when it was time to be off. Our way lay between Corsica and Sardinia, but we passed these places in the night. Sabbath was a bright day and we went into first saloon to listen to the reading of the morning lesson of the Church of England service. In the afternoon the missionary party had a Bible reading on deck, Mr. Halliday leading. Our subject was "The Lord's Prayer." We had a very pleasant hour, and learned new things from the study of the word. Sabbath eve we had a meeting in second saloon. Mr. Fife preached a very good sermon, which was closely listened to by all present. Monday morning we were all up early to see "Stromboli," but as Mr. Halliday remarked, it was neither election day nor 4th of July there, and the fire-works were rather scarce. Still we saw the mountain smoking and now and then a small flame of fire. We sailed through the straits of Messina. At the city of Messina the strait is about eight miles wide. Italy and Sicily are both very thickly populated along the coast. Neat little cottages, surrounded by green gardens, nestle all over the hills. On the Italian side we saw a train of cars moving along. The "blue" of the sky that we read about was soon covered over by clouds and we had to retreat down stairs. Soon the ship began to roll once more, and one after another sought re-

tirement and the wash-basin. That night we crossed the Adriatic stream and I will not attempt to describe the sounds in and around my "state-room." I could not do them justice. It was a night to be remembered. Almost every one was sick and very little sleeping done. By noon the next day the sea had calmed somewhat and we were able to get out on deck. One or two persons, who claimed that sea-sickness was all imagination, have had nothing to say since the night on the Adriatic.

Two days ago we were in sight of Crete, and this morning we saw the coast of Egypt and we expect to reach Port Said about one o'clock to-day, where I expect to mail this. We expect to be in Bombay about the 25th, and then 1400 miles of railroad taavel will bring us to our resting place. We long to hear from home once more and to be settled on land with something to do.

Our party are all in good spirits and I feel sure from the way that the new missionaries are able to "take things as they come" and talk about the good things to eat "mother made at home" without being homesick, that there has been no mistake made in the selection of men and women. But I must close as we are nearing the Port.

Yours for India,
EMMA DEAN ANDERSON.

We clip the following from the *Woman's Evangel*, published in Dayton, O.:

"From the United Presbyterians we may learn the lesson of power in concentration. The long lists of workers in Egypt and India, whose addresses are given from month to month in the *Women's Missionary Magazine*, are constant heralds of their strength, and their success is proof of the wisdom of their policy."

In acknowledging this compliment we are glad to say that on the journey the editors of the Magazine so recently made, their companions in travel were the two young ladies of the United Brethren Church, who sailed in the Teutonic thirty minutes after the sailing of our missionaries on the City of Rome. We quote their parting words to the *Evangel*:

"*S. S. Teutonic*, October 16, 1889, 10.40 A. M.:—We are afloat at last. I was never happier in my whole life. The Ninety-first Psalm comes to me o'er and o'er. With beautiful surroundings, I am yours. God be with you all. Pray for us.

ELLEN GROENENDYKE."

"We are cut loose from America. The boat is fine; the morning beautiful. The Lord is my light and my salvation. Praise the Lord. We are happy in him, and longing to be in Africa. Yours for loving service for our King.

FRANCES WILLIAMS."

GLEANINGS.

In the United States there is one minister to every eight hundred souls; in foreign lands there is one missionary to every four hundred thousand souls.

There are at present 116,000,000 Protestants, 84,000,000 members of the Greek Church, 190,000,000 Roman Catholics, 170,000,000 Mohammedans, 856,000,000 heathens, from which 2,000,000 have been converted to Christianity.

Two hundred and fifty million of women depend for the gospel upon the women of Protestant churches of America.

Nine-tenths of the contributions to foreign missions are given by one-tenth of the church membership, while only one-half of the membership gives anything.

It is estimated that if the present rapid growth of Christianity in Japan continues till the year 1900 that country, with her 35,000,000 people, will be a Christian nation.

Dr. John Hall's congregation, New York City, propose to raise $200,000 for mission purposes for the coming year.

The city of London, with a population of more than 70,000,000 has scarcely a single mission station.

A Happy New Year

Young People's Department.

NEW YEAR'S GREETING.

New mercies, new blessings, new light on the way,
New courage, new hope and new strength for each day.
New notes of thanksgiving, new chords of delight,
New praise in the morning, new songs in the night.
New fruits for the Master, new altars we raise
Give our God all the honor, all glory and praise.

DEAR FRIENDS OF THE YOUNG PEOPLE'S DEPARTMENT:—

The upbuilding of spiritual life is that for which we should toil and pray, and no element of human effort is more essential to solid growth in Christian character than Christian work. It is desirable that while young you should be trained to a familiarity with the names of persons, places, cities, and localities of the Old and New Testaments. Let the characters of the Bible share in our minds the friendly interest and affection that are given to the people of our immediate surroundings. John Russell Young, the historiographer of Gen. Grant's tour, says that in his travels in the Holy Land: "There was the feeling that you were coming home. Every name was a memory; every footstep awakened recollection, and you seem to have the feeling that you always belonged there." This, coming from a man of such large experience and travel, is a tribute to the sentiments instilled into his heart by Bible study.

Now I will present to you my plan for your study the coming month: Take our English alphabet. Let the members in your department take the letters in their order. For your first lesson commence with the letter "A," let each one name a Bible name or place commencing with this letter; when the letter is exhausted let your leader, or president, call names of persons, asking where they lived, at what period, and what was the probable reason of their Bible record. If places are mentioned locate them geographically, and also their after Bible mention. Follow the alphabet as far as your time will permit. After your first evening's exercise you can ask one or more to come prepared with a character sketch. The leader should always be prepared to supplement any hesitation or inaccuracy.

It is well understood that evil is contagious, may there not in the study of the leading characters of the Bible result a contagion of good? And perhaps some one in your number, from whom you expect the least, will in coming years bear testimony in this, or other lands, to the knowledge of God's word and power. In this study of Bible persons and places, you will if you have not thought of it before, be surprised to find that Eliezer, the servant of Abraham, was from the identical city of Damascus that is visited by tourists of the present time; that Daniel manifested strong temperance principles when he chose rather to offend a king than defile himself by drinking wine. Not long since, while responding with the letter "E," "Eutychus" was named, and I was asked if he was not given as an example and warning to those who go to sleep in church. You will also find in this Bible study that sin always brings punishment, and righteousness is rewarded by God's favor. And while studying Bible characters let us never lose sight of or forget that one name, which embodies the faith and hope of the Christian, Jesus Christ, all and in all.

MRS. M. B. MILLIMAN, Argyle, N. Y.

EXERCISE FOR MISSION BAND.

Sing Psalm 166: 1st to 4th verses inclusive.

"God's mighty works, who can express?"

Scripture reading—12th chapter Isaiah.

Bible names of persons and places—commencing with the letter "A," and other letters of the alphabet in their order.

Questions upon history and location of names and places.

Sing Psalm 87: 1, 2, 4, 5 verses.

"God's foundation stands unmoved."

Concert reading from Luke, 1st chapter, 68 verse to close of chapter.

MY BROTHER'S KEEPER.

Am I my brother's keeper? It may be
Had I a single word of comfort spoken,
It might have cheered some over-burdened heart
Without it—broken.

Am I my brother's keeper? It may be
Had I but stopped one little hour to aid him,
That little hour had wrought his task, before
The toil dismayed him.

My brother's keeper! Yet I passed him by,
Uncheered, unhelped, unwarned of coming danger,
Hard pressed by sin, and hurt by cruel scorn,
To love, a stranger.

My brother's keeper! Will the Lord forgive?
For while my hands were idle lying,
He fell neglected in the weary way
Worn, wounded, dying.

—*Selected.*

More things are wrought by prayer
Than this world dreams of. Therefore let thy voice
Raise like a fountain, night and day;
For what are men better than sheep or goats,
That nourish a blind life within the brain,
If, knowing God, they lift not heart of prayer,
Both for themselves and those who call them friend?
For so the whole world is every way
Bound by gold chains about the feet of God.

—*Selected.*

CHURCH HISTORY.

Mamma.—Dear children! We will this evening commence the fifth century, with some account of one whom by a Church historian is styled "The renowned Father, John Chrysostom."

Sarah.—I think, Mamma, Gibbon mentioned him as living in the fourth century.

Mamma.—Yes, he was born late in the fourth century, but we find him in active pastoral work in Constantinople early in the fifth century. His native city was Antioch.

Robby.—O, I remember about that town; that was the place where the Disciples were first called Christians.

Mamma.—Yes, the very same, and I am glad you so well remember your Bible lesson; and in reading in the New Testament you will find that city frequently spoken of, and we think it is yet a city of some importance.

Sarah.—Yes, Robby. Antioch is a city of Syria, and we read of it being surrounded by a wall, enclosing many miles in circumference. This ground is now almost all occupied by gardens; the houses are built of stone and, unlike most of the Eastern houses, they have sloping roofs, and although you read of the Disciples being there, and long since many Christian churches, yet we read that now there is not one Christian place of prayer while there are many mosques. There are various industries carried on at this time, the principal one being the manufacture of silk fabrics. Long ago Antioch was one of the principal cities of the East. The Macedonian kings resided there and the Roman Governor had fine palaces in it. In the seventh century the city was taken by the Saracens and in the eleventh century the Crusaders captured it. Once this city rivaled Rome inriches and fine buildings, but never recovered its magnificence after being almost destroyed by an earthquake.

Robby.—Sister, I wish you would tell me about some earthquakes.

Sarah.—Some other time, Robby. Now we want Mamma to tell us of John Chrysostom.

Mamma.—Well, as I said, he was born in this city of Antioch. His parents were of a noble family. His father died when he was quite young; his mother was a christian and carefully instructed him, but leaving her his teacher was the orator Labanius. John was an apt scholar and soon excelled in eloquent speech. One day some one asked Labanius who would succeed him as teacher. He replied, "John Chrysostom, if the christians do not steal him." John knew his power as an orator and for a time did occupy the Forum, but gave up all secular learning and devoted his time to the study of the Scripture.

Robby.—But, Mamma, who was the king then?

Mamma.—Well, the sons of the good Theodosius were at that time over the Roman Empire—one in the East, the other in the West. About this time there was a great rebellion in Antioch because of unjust taxation. The city was in an uproar and the people would have been more severely punished had it not been for the eloquent pleading of Chrysostom. After this he was appointed principal pastor of Constantinople. There he created great reforms. The ministers had become extravagant and cared more for themselves than for the souls over whom they had been placed. His industry was great, but his zeal sometimes caused him to give way to the sin of anger. This unconquered temper gave his enemies an excuse to crush his popularity. Eudocia, the Empress, was cruelly unjust. He, foreseeing the storm, addressed his friends assembled in his house: "Brethren, be earnest in prayer; let no man desert his work on my account, for, as was the Apostle Paul, so am I ready to be offered, and I feel that the time of my departure is at hand. This world is a road along which we travel, where are joys and sorrows intermingled; both pass quickly away, then we enter into eternal joy." He was twice punished by Eudocia: the first time to Cucusus, in Armenia, a barren, cold country, infested with robbers. His friends finding where he had gone followed him with generous gifts. One was a lady of wealth named Olympus. She sent him money liberally, with which he did much for the poor, to whom also he preached the gospel.

Robby.—It is funny how one woman could be so bad and another so good, just like the figs grandpa read about in the Bible.

Mamma.—Yes, Robby. It is strange that a woman, the wife of Arcadius, who professed to be a Christian emperor, could be so wicked. Her husband was a weak man, never able to accomplish what he knew to be right. He was frequently induced by his wife to persecute those who were faithful in preaching the truth and reproving sin. The good Olympius she banished to Niodemia. In that age it was the custom for ministers to have large classes of young people for the purpose of instructing them in Bible truth. These were called catechumens. At one time a large number of these, with their teachers and minister, fearing to enter the church, assembled in a meadow (dressed in white as was the custom) to be baptized. The emperor hearing of it sent soldiers to disperse them, and many of them were imprisoned and some scourged.

Robby.—Well, I think every good person would be glad when that king died.

Mamma.—We have often observed, Robby, that the reign of the wicked kings, who delighted in cruelty, was short. So this poor Arcadius died when thirty years of age. The great John Chrysostom, worn out by hard work and much persecution fell asleep in his sixtieth year. His last words were, "Glory be to God, for all events."

Sarah.—I wish, Mamma, you could remember so as to give us extracts from his writings.

Mamma.—We could do so, but will not this evening. There are large quotations in various theological books which I hope some time you may read. If spared until next Sabbath evening we will learn something of the great Augustine. M.

Editorial Department.

At latest accounts Rev. Kelly Giffen and family were making a missionary tour on the Nile.

A letter bearing date November 4th, from India, contains the following:

"The Papists are still at work here in Sialkot, but are now making *no progress*. Their agents were down once or twice in Gujranwala but gained no foothold here, and I hope will not as it would be a great calamity if they should."

For the picture of Miss Havergal that appears in this number, and for many other favors, the MAGAZINE is indebted to Mr. Alf Sandham, editor of "The Faithful Witness" published at Toronto, Ontario. Persons who wish to be well prepared for progressive Christian work will find the "Faithful Witness" a valuable help.

As the average memory does not retain everything committed to its keeping, it becomes necessary now and then to call attention to some things mentioned before, but which so easily slip away. Hence we repeat that however interesting and profitable papers carefully prepared and read before local and presbyterial societies and kindly furnished the MAGAZINE for publication *may be*, the committee ask that hereafter contributors either condense their papers to a reasonable length or allow the committee the privilege of doing so. In the future this restriction must be adhered to and the rule *strictly observed*.

Now that we have begun to refresh the memory of our readers, we are inclined to suggest one point more. All will admit the advisibility of promptness in renewing subscriptions and securing new ones. At the very beginning of the new year we earnestly *exhort* those having this work in charge to attend to it immediately. We know that "good plans sometimes wait long for execution." If *each* subscriber will secure one other, or, as a friend has suggested, "if those who are abundantly able will send one copy of the MAGAZINE to some one not able to subscribe for it," how rapidly the list would lengthen and how the wider distribution of information would increase the membership and interest of missionary societies and fill the treasury of the MAGAZINE.

A recent letter from Rev. J. R. Alexander, of Asyoot, gives the encouraging report that the Training College is quite full. Twelve pupils were to complete their course in December, four of whom had applied to be received as students of theology. Two others intend to study theology after a year or two. The others desire to become teachers. One of the class that was graduated two years ago has been received as a student of theology. There are as present fourteen theological students. It is hoped there will be nineteen next year, sixteen of whom have been students of the Training College. He adds in closing, "May God hasten the glorious day when the church in Egypt will be self-supporting and supplied with a godly, earnest, well-trained, native ministry."

If subscribers would renew the month previous to the time with which their subscription expires, it would save the committee much trouble. The date marked on the tab indicates that the subscription expires with the *preceding* month. Thus if the date on the tab is August, the subscription expires with July, and should be renewed during the month of June and so with any other date. Will subscribers please take notice

and act accordingly? All subscriptions, changes of address and complaints of failures to receive MAGAZINES should be directed to Mrs. J. G. Carson, Treasurer. The committee cannot supply missing numbers of the MAGAZINE unless notified within two months after the time when they should have been received.

Our Egyptian mission, as well as the whole church, has suffered a severe loss in the death of Mrs. Sarah B. Lansing, wife of Dr. Gulian Lansing, of Cairo, Egypt. Her infirmities had for some time rendered it impossible for her to do the active work to which she had been accustomed, but her great zeal and large experience were invaluable. This news is sorrowful and yet joyful, for we know that our beloved friend has entered into rest after a life of earnest devotion to the Master's cause. She said when she went out with a large party of missionaries from England some three years age, that it was her desire to "die in the harness" and in the field where she had labored longest. She was specially endeared to our missionary societies by her active efforts in their behalf during her last visit home. We hope to give as soon as possible a somewhat extended account of her useful life.

Women's Auxiliary Board, Etc.

RECEIPTS FOR NOVEMBER, 1889.

Foreign.—Wurtemburg, $10; Oak Grove, 16; New Brighton, 10; Pratt Creek 9.70; Roney's Point, 9; Miss Marie Rodgers, San Jose, Cal., 3; 1st Wheeling, 40; Big Spring, 20; Anthony, 5; Welda, Mrs. Jessie E. Craig's S. S. Infant class, for India, 2; Delbert and Frank Steele, Welda, for India, 30c.; Cuylerville, 7; Peter's creek, 2.50.

Salary.—Miss McCahon, Chartier's Pres., $1.50.

Miscellaneous.—Walton, for Fareeda Girgis, pupil Asyoot school, 13.

Dr. White's Hospital.—Big Spring, 5; Caledonia, 20.

Home and W. S. Indians.—Alliance, Nebr., 4; Beaver, 11; Oak Grove, 15.25; Neshannock, 7; New Brighton, 5; Pratt Creek, 9.70; Hookstown, 18; 1st Wheeling, 40; Lawrence, 4; Caledonia, 15; Chartier's, 50; Cross Roads, 10; Peters' Creek, 40; Porland, Oregon, salary of lady Home Missionary, 25.

Freedmen's.—Darlington, 10; Neshannock, 10; Wellsville, for Bluestone, 10; Cuylersville, for Norfolk, 4; Venice, for Bible reader, 14. 2.

Little Boys' Home, Knoxville.—"Busy Bees," Neshannock, 1.13; Mission Band Colony, Kan., 2.09; Y. L. W. S., Cross Roads, 32; "Help-a-Little Mission Band, Washington, Pa., 6.

Ch. Ext. and Parsonage Fund.—Alliance, Nebr., 6; Darlington, 6; North Buffalo, special, 25.

Ministerial Relief.—1st Wheeling, 10.

Contingent Fund of W. A. Board.—Chartier's Pres., 5.

CORRECTION.—Contributions acknowledged in last month's report under the name of Astor, I have been informed, should read from L. M. S. of Colony, Kan.

E. J. SLOAN, Treas.

PROGRAMME OF MISSIONARY SOCIETY.

Topic:—The Missionary Character of the Psalms.

Sing Psalm 2:4—6. c. m.

Prayer.

Reading, Psalm 96.

Paper bearing on this subject prepared and read by some member.

Brief discussion by various persons of such topics as, "What was the nature of Israel's missionary efforts, and why were they not more aggressive?" "The adaptation of the Psalms to our time and circumstances." Opportunity given for remarks from any member.

Sing Psalm 67–s. m.

Roll-call, each member responding with a psalm-verse breathing this missionary spirit.

Devotional exercises closed with a short prayer.

Business attended to *promptly*.

Collection.

Sing Psalm 72:6-9 c. m.

Meeting dismissed.

MARY HARPER WILSON.

2nd United Presbyterian congregation, Xenia, O.

REPORT WOMEN'S AUXILLARY BOARD FOR DECEMBER, 1889.

Foreign Secretary reports Mrs. Johnston's arrangements for departure. She will sail from New York, January 1st, 1890. According to agreement she will stay three weeks in London to purchase such articles as her profession calls for. A farewell reception will be tendered Mrs. Johnston by the Women's Board on 27th December from 2 to 5 P. M. in the 1st church, Pittsburgh, and from 7:45 to 10 in 4th church, Allegheny, in the evening.

The resignation of our efficient Secretary, Miss M. M. Shaw, was read and declined, the assistant Secretary being asked to assume Miss Shaw's duties under her (Miss S's) supervision. The report from Mrs. Henrietta Brown, of Portland, Oregon, is still encouraging, so much so that it was decided to continue the work three months longer. Dr. Vincent reports request for progress on Little Boys' Home; when the weather is favorable, the plan of Little Girls' Home will be used. Little Girls' Society of 3rd church, Pittsburgh, will support one girl. Treasurer's receipts, $717 69.

MARY W. PORTER,
Assistant Secretary,
Homewood Ave., Pittsburgh, Pa.

The McCrory Missionary Society was organized in June, 1885, and at first the membership was confined to the pupils and teacher of a class of young ladies in the Sabbath-School. (By the way, let no other teacher follow our example in this regard. Give an invitation to all at once.) Toward the close of the year we invited the other young ladies of the congregation to meet with us, and we now have forty-five members enrolled. Some of these are contributing members, others active.

We meet on alternate Monday evenings, and usually spend about thirty minutes in devotional exercises, conducted by the members in turn. We then discuss a missionary topic for about the same length of time, after which we have our business meeting until 9 P. M. Last year we selected our subjects for 1889 and had lists printed; but at the request of the Magazine committee we have sent our list for 1890 for publication in the Magazine, thinking it might be a help to others. We dated our topics for our own meetings, but have combined all those coming in one month under one general subject. Societies meeting but once a month will, in this way, get the benefit of all. Our society has also agreed to furnish a programme for the monthly meetings, which we hope will prove helpful to others. As this is our first attempt at journalism we would be glad of any hints that would lead to improvement in our work from month to month, and would also be pleased to know if our efforts have been of any benefit to others.

We respectfully submit the following list:

LIST OF SUBJECTS FOR MISSIONARY MEETINGS IN 1890.

January—Theme—The Christian Race.
" 6th—Looking unto Jesus. Heb. 12: 1-2.
Is every Christian called to engage in missionary work?
" 20th—Pressing Forward, Phil. 3: 13-14.
The joys and sorrows of a missionaries life.
February—Theme—Our Duty to God.
" 3rd—The Measure of Love. Mark 12: 28-34.
Our Pioneer Missionaries.
" 7th—Youthful Service. Ecle. 12: 1.
Methods of raising money for Missionary purposes.
March—Theme—Our Duty to our neighbor.
" 3rd—Strengthening Hands. Isa. 35: 3-4.
The Necessity for Home Mission work.
" 17th—Rendering to all their Due. Rom. 13: 7-8.
Our Work among the Warm Springs Indians.
" 31st—Bearing with the Defects of others. Col. 3: 13.
The Chinese in California.
April—Theme—Faith.
" 7th—Faith Rewarded. Mark 5: 25-24.
Our Duty with regard to the Home Mission work.
" 21st—Trusting in Darkness. Isa. 50: 10.
Missionary work among the Jews and Alaskans.
May —Theme—Charity.
" 5th—Adding to Faith, Charity. 1 Cor. 13.
Progress of the Temperance movement in the United States.
" 19th—Considering the Poor. Acts 9: 36-42.
Our Temperance Leaders.
June —Theme—Christian Service.
" 2nd—Laboring with Christ. 1 Cor. 3:9.
The Necessity for work in Foreign fields.
" 16th—Tested by Fire. 1 Cor. 3: 11-15.
On India Mission.
" 30th—Seeking for His Commandments. 1 Chron. 28:8.
The Religion and Customs of the Hindoos.
July —Theme—Wisdom.
" 14th—Solomon's Choice. 1 Kings 3: 5-15.
Zenana Work and Medical Missions.
" 28th—Laying up Treasure in Heaven. Luke 12: 16-21, 31-34.
Our Mission in Egypt.
August—Theme—Fruit-bearing.
" 11th—Condition of Faithfulness. Jno. 15: 4-8.
Heroines of the Mission Field.
" 25th—Danger in Unfruitfulness. Isa. 5: 1-7.
The "Poor Whites" of the South.
September—Theme—Greatness in the Kingdom.
" 8th—The Child-like Spirit. Matt. 18: 1-4.
Our Freedmen's Mission.
" 22nd—The Last, First. Matt. 19: 27-30.
Industrial Schools and Homes for the Colored children.
October —Theme—Preaching the Word.
" 6th—Our Commission. Matt. 28: 19-20.
The Bible Reader's Work.
" 20th—The Laborer's Hire. 1 Cor. 9: 7-14.
China Inland Mission.
November—Theme—Thanksgiving.
" 3rd—The Unspeakable Gift. 2 Cor. 9: 15.
The Student Volunteer Movement.
" 17th—Gifts for Men. Ps. 68: 18-19.
Biography of Dr. and Mrs. Livingston.
December—Theme—Jesus Christ.
" 1st—The Sinner's Savior. Matt. 9: 10-13.
Our Omnipotent Leader.
" 15th—Our Perfect Example. 1 Pet. 2: 21-24.
How shall we Arouse the Young to more Zeal in the Missionary work?
" 29th—Our King. Ps. 2.
What will we do next year to hasten the Coming of our King?

MINNIE MAZET,
SUSIE MCROBERTS, } Committee.
CARRIE M. REED.

PROGRAM FOR MONTHLY MISSIONARY MEETING.

Singing.
Prayer.
Singing.
Reading of 12th chapter of Hebrews.
Season of prayer.
Subject for opening exercises, "The Christian Race."

Whether the penman of these words was Paul or not, one thing is certain, he was acquainted with the customs of the Romans of that time. Their favorite pastime was the exhibition of muscular strength and fleetness of foot.

As the contestants were ushered into the arena there appeared to them a vast mass of humanity, extending from the circle of sand to where it seemed to meet the sky at the top of the terraced amphitheatre, and as the runners sought to reach the goal and every muscle and sinew seemed strained to its highest tension, the witnesses beheld the race and eagerly watched for signs of weakening or portends of success.

So from that scene Paul (for we think he was the writer) lays before the runner in the Christian course a truth not patent to many—that in their running they are being watched, not merely by a few immediately around them, but by a "great cloud of witnesses." The sinner watches to see him fall; the saint watches to cheer him on; the angels to herald the victory; and Christ the Saviour watches to bestow the crown.

A race peculiarly implies individual effort. The Christian life is often represented as a voyage, but the figure represents but the varied and unforseen experiences of the Christian life.

Again, as a river; but only as he is borne along irresistibly by the flow of time; again, as a pilgrimage, but only as he is compelled to pass his allotted time in his temporary home; and again as a warfare, but that illustrates but the onslaughts of those things which tend to retard his

progress and to retake his ground.

He who would win the prize must be he who has started well, has run well, and has ended well. He must, moreover, have done it himself. And whether in the course he had the plaudits of friends, or the sneers of foes, his reward is secure only when under the conditions assigned, he has reached the goal and won the race.

To run well the Christian must lay aside every weight. What are these weights? They are weights of word and thought, Col. 3:8; of riches, Luke 18: 18-23; of self-glorification, John 12: 42-43; of unbelief, John 3: 18; of worldliness, Titus 2: 12; of anxious care, Phil. 4: 6.

The Christians object is too high and his time too limited to drag riches, care or sensuous pleasure along with him in his agonizing to enter the straight and narrow way. 'Tis not a question of conscience either. It is the question, "Which shall I have, the weight or the reward, the sin, or the crown?" Carry the weight and lose the race. Lay aside the weight and lay hold of eternal life. And as Paul expresses it in 2 Cor. 4:17, there is a weight beyond more desirable, and which is available only to those who lay aside their weight here.

Again, we are to go forward "Looking unto Jesus." Had the Apostle ended the metaphor with the first verse, what a misnomer the Christian life would have seemed. Nothing but his own efforts to urge him on! Nothing but works to ensure his victory! Yes, but thank God the Christian life is something higher. Jesus Christ the "beginner and finisher of our faith." We are to look by faith to him. "Look unto Me and be ye saved, all ye ends of the earth, for I am God, and besides Me there is none else."

It means the exercise of faith as well as works. How disappointing it would be to the Christian that after having used his utmost ability in patience and well-doing, after having striven earnestly to reach the goal, he should perish just in view of it.

Oh, the thought is not to be borne! He who is a child of God knows, believes, has faith, that if when worn and helpless he fall short of the high calling of God, his Elder Brother shall stretch forth His almighty arm and carry him safely over.

As we hinted before, we notice now, that Christ is an interested spectator. If He expects us to look to Him, He assuredly is watching us. To His servants laboring in foreign climes this thought is especially inspiring.

In the first chapter of Acts we see a beautiful, yet sorrowful, scene. Twelve persons are there on the western slopes of Olivet. One is in earnest speech, while the others drink in his words. They are sad, knowing that they look upon their Master for the last time. Almost His last words are upon his lips. No one ventures to break the sacred serenity of the moment, by word or act. And as yon golden sun sinks behind the western sea the Master slowly and with feeling speaks to them His last words:

"Ye shall be witnesses unto Me, both in Jerusalam and in all Judea, and in Samaria, and unto the uttermost parts of the earth." And, as Matthew adds, "Lo I am with you alway even unto the end of the world." And when He had spoken these words He was taken up. Ah, yes, He is to be with you to the end of the race. If you are tired, or discouraged, He feels for you, and none of your sorrows escape His sight. Be of good courage. He is joyed when He sees us looking unto Him, and by faith leaning upon Him. If we falter and fall He will raise us up and help us on. He will be at the end to receive us.

In the last place we notice a few of the characteristics of the Christian runner. He must be patient, Heb. 10: 36; persistent, Phil. 3: 14; consistent, Luke 9: 72; loyal to his Master, Phil. 2: 16; and if we wish to consult the conditions of winning, Paul has set apart the 12th chapter of Romans for our information.

No one need err as to what is expected of him. But yet some hesitate to enter. For a little consideration have they given up the effort. It is our duty, as well as our privilege, to enlist those who are thoughtless and neglectful, and to imbue them with that zeal which ought to inspire us, and which has been so well expressed by Phillip Doddridge in his lines:

"Awake, my soul, stretch every nerve,
And press with vigor on,
A heavenly race demands thy zeal
And an immortal crown."

Singing.

Missionary Subject—"Is every Christian called to engage in missionary work?"

The joys and sorrows of a missionary life.

Select Reading—"The Lights and Shadows of a Missionary Life,"—found in July number of WOMEN'S MISSIONARY MAGAZINE.

Singing.

—From McCrory Missionary Society, Pittsburgh, Pa.

ANNIVERSARY MEETING.

TIRO, OHIO, October 19, 1889.

Ten years ago last month a Ladies' Missionary Society was organized in the United Presbyterian church, then of Dekalb but now of Tiro. The object was to advance the interests of Christ's kingdom by mission work and at the same time increase our limited knowledge of this work; and we can truly say, God has richly blessed our efforts and brought us safely to this, our tenth anniversary, which was held in the church on the evening of the 30th of September. The meeting was was opened with devotional exercises conducted by the President, Mrs. R. A. Hanna, who also gave an address in which she presented some of the most important objects of our work. An excellent Bible reading entitled, "The Women of the Bible," was conducted by Mrs. C. W. Hanna, in which she reminded us that we should gladly render any service in our power to Christ. Mrs. Z. M. English gave a very interesting history of the society from its organization to the present time, showing us that in the past ten year, our Heavenly Father hath dealt most mercifully with us. A paper on "India and Egypt" was read by Mrs. Hattie Hanna, in which she spoke of the need of more workers in these two great fields. Mrs. C. C. Rex read a paper entitled, "Sketches of Converts." Select readings on "Christian Giving," "Worldly Giving" and "The Other Side" were given by Mrs. Wm. Randanbaugh, Mrs. C. C. Rex and Mrs. Mitchell. A very encouraging and instructive essay, entitled "The Merits and Rewards of Missions," was read by Miss Emma Hanna. A paper on "Thank-Offerings," by Mrs. Z. M. English, was one which we would all do well to profit by. It gives us great pleasure to tell you that we had with us Mrs. A. M. Nichol. Of Mrs. Michol and her excellent remarks too much cannot be said. She gave us passages of scripture with the Oriental light thrown upon them, after which she closed her remarks by most earnestly entreating the ladies present to become missionary workers. Our earnest prayer to God is, that Mrs. Nichol may be spared for many years of usefulness. The exercises were interspersed with singing throughout. May this meeting give us further encouragement in our work, hoping that we all have been benefited by thus coming together. Let us not weary in well doing, but "Press toward the mark for the prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus.

MRS. C. C. REX, Secretary Protem.

The teachers of the Sabbath school of the Second United Presbyterian church of Philadelphia, at a meeting held on the first day of December, 1889, adopted the following paper, which they directed to be entered on the minutes:

We have heard with profound sorrow of the death of Mrs. Sarah B. Lansing, formerly a teacher in our school, and afterward for many years a devoted and faithful laborer in the work of her Divine Master in the lands of Syria and Egypt. Mrs. Lansing was a most energetic and successful teacher in our school, but feeling that Providence had a call for her to devote her life to service in the work of Foreign Missions, she cheerfully gave up her native land, her aged and loving parents, her affectionate brothers and sisters, and a large circle of friends, and spent her time and strength for the rest of her days in the most toilsome and laborious efforts to extend the knowledge and build up the kingdom of the Lord she loved.

We acknowledge, with gratitude to the Divine Giver of all good gifts, her fervent zeal, her unwearied industry, her thorough devotion, her unaffected piety and her profound self-consecration, qualities which made her an eminent leader in her chosen life work, and which will cause her name and memory to endure both in the church at home and among those for whom she labored, and in whose midst she now rests in peace.

We extend to her sorrowing husband and her bereaved brothers and sister our sympathy and prayers in their deep affliction, and commend them to that Divine helper whose love and compassion never fail. We feel that this dispensation of Providence, which has taken to her reward so faithful a laborer in the cause of Christ, summons us all to fresh devotion and greater zeal in the work of the Lord, and to fervent prayer that we too, like her we mourn, may continue faithful to the end.

Jos. McKee,
R. H. Ferguson,
R. F. McKain,
Jas. H. Pardon,
C. F. McCaughin.

FOREIGN MISSIONS.

MONTHLY STATEMENT.

Funds.—Receipts, November 4th, to December 1st, $7,129.06. Paid to Egypt, $3,264.59; India, $3,000; Home Salary, $167.70; Printing, Mailing, &c., $130.

Missionaries.—The sad event of the past month has been the death of Mrs. Lansing, of the Mission in Egypt. It was announced here by a cablegram, dated Cairo, the 26th ult. Her disease was catarrh of the bowels. It commenced on the 9th and continued for seventeen days when she calmly departed this life and entered into rest. No mails have yet reached us, and thus we have no further particulars. In this dispensation of providence, the mission has lost one of its earliest and always one of its sincerest and most devoted friends and laborers.

From India word comes, that Rev. J. P. McKee, of the important station at Gujranwala, requires a change, and is compelled under the direction of his physician and with the approval of the mission, to ask for a furlough. The Board have granted his request to return home for a time, and it is hoped he will be materially benefitted by the change. Rev. G. W. Morrison has been transferred to East Gujranwala, and Rev. J. H. Martin has been located at West Gujranwala. After the first of the incoming year Rev. Samuel Martin, D. D., will be Treasurer of the Mission.

A Suggestion.—Another year is drawing to its close. A New Year is about to begin. Might not the memory of many mercies in the Old Year, and anticipations and hopes of good in the New be happily signalized:

First. By special prayer in the closet, the family, the Sabbath-school and the sanctuary services, for the Foreign Mission work of our Church particularly as it is at this time?

Second. By making special free-will offerings or contributions for it in view of what God has done for it and of what pressing needs it has at present of help?

J. B. Dales, Cor. Sec.

Philadelphia, Dec. 9, 1889.

QUESTION DRAWER.

[Address all communications for this department to Miss E. W. Pollock, 127 East 8th street, Erie, Pa.]

Ques.—What can be done to induce the women of the congregation to take an interest in, and attend the meetings of the Missionary society? We have in the congregation one hundred or more female members, about sixty of whom are members of the Missionary society, yet the average attendance at the meetings do not exceed ten or twelve.

SUGGESTION CORNER.

Rev. Thos. J. Finney (in "*The United Presbyterian*" of Nov. 28th,) tells of a very praise-worthy effort being made by the native christians of Egypt and others to build a church at Monsourah. It is true that "the Lord helps those who help themselves," and we hope this good people will have the pravers of the church and the material aid which they need.

A family, a mission and a church in tears, because God in his providence has taken from us one who was beloved and admired, both for what she was in herself and for the great and good work God enabled her to do; whose name (Sarah B. Lansing) was a household word among us. As God is taking one by one from the Foreign field let us *the more* heed the Master's command, "Pray ye therefore the Lord of the harvest, that He would send forth laborers into His harvest."

MASSACRE GHAT—CAWNPORE.